

11-1943

## The Guidon, Squadron 9, November (1943)

346th College Training Detachment

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A READER OF  
MOORHEAD STATE COLLEGE  
MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA

The:—

# • LULLUM •



NOVEMBER ~ 1943



# Dedication

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Some centuries ago a Spartan mother bid her soldier son farewell with the words "Come back with your shield or on it."

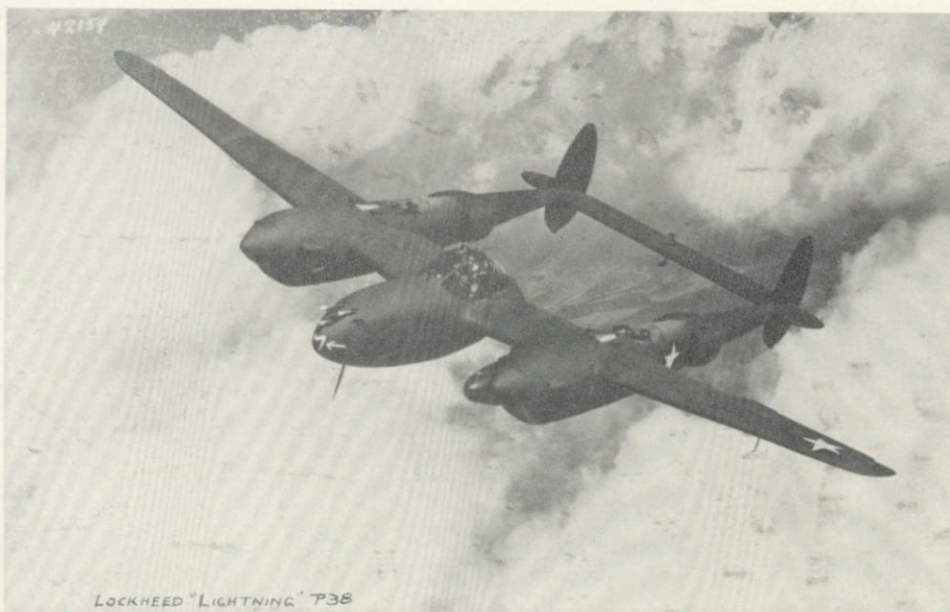
Today, with probably much deeper feeling, millions of American mothers are bidding their sons Godspeed, as they join in the defense of their country. From them they hide as best they can their sorrow and their misgivings. With courage and faith they wait and hope for their safe return.

We, the members of Squadron Nine dedicate this book, to the real heroes of this, or any other war the **MOTHERS of MEN IN THE SERVICE.**



*Look Proudly Into the Skies Cadet  
Your Future Holds a Mighty Glory*

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**- SQUADRON NINE -**

346th College Training Detachment

Moorhead State Teachers College

Moorhead, Minnesota





## The Captain and His Crew

The success of any campaign or mission depends mainly upon the way it is planned and secondly, efficiency and discipline used to carry it out. Captain Arthur J. Bazata, our Commanding Officer, has demonstrated this axiom very effectively in transforming M.S.T.C. from a college into an integral cog of the 346th C.D.T.

Due to his understanding of the men and application of psychology with discipline, he and his staff of competent officers have formulated a training program that puts the 346th ahead of all the other C.T.D.'s in the United States.

It can be truly stated that the 346th "Drills like West Pointers" — "Has the efficiency and rules of O.C.S." — and has now developed into the "Sharpest Outfit in The Air Corps."

*Captain A. J. Bazata*



**R. G. HARGRAVE**  
1st Lt. Air Corps  
Executive Officer



**CARL D. PETERSON**  
2nd Lt. Air Corps  
Director of Military Trg.



**F. G. MacQUESTEN**  
2nd Lt. Air Corps  
Tactical Officer



**ROBERT F. GAY**  
2nd Lt. Air Corps  
Adjutant



346TH COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT

State Teachers College  
MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA

30 October 1943

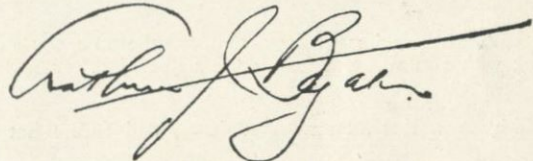
SUBJECT: Prepare for Victory!  
TO : Men of Squadron 9

1. This is the official slogan of our Command. Consequently, it is our motto, and all our plans and actions must be in accordance with the ideals and principles it embodies. It seems appropriate, therefore, that we analyze this highest expression of our headquarters and attempt to grasp its full significance.

2. Your preparing for victory implies a very thorough academic and technical training, a perfection in physical condition, a mastery of man's outstanding achievement — flying — together with a development of self-discipline never before placed upon any soldier. These things must be accomplished even before you can contribute your part in actual duty. Furthermore, when in combat, not only your courage but your clear thinking and ingenuity will be challenged as such qualities have never been challenged before. Should assignments of great responsibility come your way your character and leaders hope will have boundless opportunity for fulfilling almost incredible tasks. All this to bring us military victory!

3. The motto, however, has even further significance: after victory all of us must be prepared for the tasks of reconstruction, and ceaseless work and ever increasing responsibilities will be ours. Only by extending ourselves to the utmost will we have kept faith with those who gave their all and justify the victory by a lasting peace.

4. You are headed in the right direction. Your accomplishments are considerable, but much more remains to be done. Keep up the good work that you may be honorably share in the glory that will come to those who so nobly rallied to the defense not only of their country but of all the principles men hold dear.



ARTHUR J. BAZATA  
Captain, Air Corps  
Commanding

346TH COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT

MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA  
SQUADRON 9

SUBJECT: Appreciation.  
TO : Commanding Officer.

1. Squadron Nine, upon completion of this particular phase of their training, are proud to have received its training under your command.

2. The cooperation and patience demonstrated by you, your officers, the faculty of Moorhead State Teachers College, and all others associated with this phase of our training, is acknowledged and deeply appreciated by every member of our squadron.

Resolve: Squadron Nine will live up to all its expectations and through their application in the other further phases of their training will show in every possible way that they are proud to have graduated and have been attached to the 346th College Training Detachment, "The Sharpest Outfit in the Air Corps."

For the Squadron Commander:

CHARLES J. PIECEK  
A/S Captain  
Squadron Adjutant



## Our Instructors

"Tough, Gentlemen, Scholars, and Soldiers"

J. R. SCHWENDEMAN  
Geography

The Men of Squadron Nine have shown that they have what it takes when they get into a pinch and when effort counts. May this spirit continue and all have many happy landings.

HARRY K. HUTTER  
Geography

I have liked the gentlemen of Squadron 9 that I have known. Why? Because they are gentlemen, and they have the qualities that we can depend on, not only now in their jobs of the airways, but also later in our down-to-earth tasks after they come back.

MABEL E. LUMLEY  
English

Flight 35 — A fearless group of interesting individualists — more power to you!

PAULINE MUNDHJELD  
English

My only contact with Squadron 9 was through the "Boys from 38." The members of Flight 38 were handicapped by want of a good mathematical back ground but showed lots of enthusiasm and desire to learn. Best of Luck, Squadron 9!

WERNER E. BRAND  
Mathematics

Forward, Flight 37 of Squadron 9! Work to learn, not necessarily to shine. You show promises. Let's see good common sense and good performance used in your administration of first aid.

JESSIE McKELLAR  
First Aid

Generally speaking, I have found the men of Squadron 9 an interesting group to work with. Most of the men worked hard to attain as much knowledge as possible during the short time they were here. I say to you men of Squadron Nine — Keep up the good work.

H. E. KAEDING  
Mathematics

Squadron 9 has done an outstanding job in swimming. The rate of qualifications in tests were considerably above the average. I have enjoyed working with them in my classes.

ELMER JOHNSON  
Physical Training Dept.

I wish to extend my appreciation for the co-operation given us in the P.T. classes. It has been a pleasure working with you all. You have done a good job.

RAY DOMEK  
P. T. Instructor Director

Diligent workers, attentive students, and future hot pilots.

EDWARD BREKKE  
Physics Instructor

Frankly — I'm puzzled . . . ?

PAUL HEATON  
History Instructor

That portion of Squadron 9 with which I have had personal contact in the classroom performed creditable work. The men have evidenced a satisfactory attitude toward classwork, and their conduct has been exemplary. Much credit is due the student officers who have at all times been cooperative and helpful. Best wishes for success in your future training for, and actual participation in the job of winning the war!

CHAS. L. GREEN  
History

During their five weeks in my classes Flight 36 of Squadron 9 expressed a high degree of original thinking and exemplified more enthusiasm than is often the case. It is my sincere hope they continue their record of diligence and courtesy so necessary in the Air Corps.

MRS. DORIS FRY  
Mathematics

There have been no dull moments in the instruction of Squadron 9. Although the reactions of these men are often unpredictable, my prophesy is that they will make fearless soldiers. My experiences in working with the gentlemen have been interesting and enjoyable. For each man I wish a "Safe Landing"

ETHEL TAINTER  
English

Squadron Nine has been an interesting Squadron to watch as far as progress is concerned. The squadron entered as one not above average, I believe, but I am sure that if all members improve as fast as they have during the last half of their time here, that they will be quite successful in their future stages of training and in the work done thereafter.

LEVERETT P. HOAG  
Physics

Squadron 9 has accomplished much of outstanding merit at the 346th C.T.D. Squadron Nine leaves a high standard for succeeding classes to attain. Good Luck to you all!

BERTRAM McGARRITY  
Mathematics





Dr. O. W. Snarr

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA

Office of the President

November 12, 1943

Squadron Commander

Squadron Nine

For an opportunity to express appreciation and good wishes to members of Squadron 9, I am indeed grateful. In the time you have been here, you have contributed your full share to campus life. You have participated enthusiastically in the activities provided for your training. The excellent spirit of cooperation you have manifested has been positive factors in both the Army and civilian program. I regret that you are forced by circumstances to leave the College one month prior to the regularly scheduled date.

For your loyalty to the College, your co-operation with the staff, your gentlemanly conduct on the campus, I wish to express my sincere appreciation. In this, I am sure, I voice the sentiment of every member of the staff. May good fortune and success be yours as your training progresses and as you proceed in the service you render the nation.

O. W. SNARR

President

346TH COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT

MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA

SQUADRON 9

November 12, 1943

The President  
Moorhead State Teachers College  
Moorhead, Minnesota

Dear Dr. Snarr:

Our assignment being terminated here, at the 346th C.D.T., for the members of Squadron 9, I wish to take this opportunity to express to you and your faculty our most heart felt thanks for the perseverance and patience in your tireless efforts to sweep the cob-webs from the old streets of knowledge in our brain, and inject in us the virus of new learning.

Your smooth cooperation with our esteemed Commander, Captain Arthur J. Bazata, has enabled us to enjoy the full facilities and privileges of the college, thereby affording us the best possible training program available in the best C.T.D. in the United States.

We sincerely hope, that having received the basic tools of learning, that we will be able to apply them successfully in our future training as Flight Officers, and also that they will enable us to become better soldiers and citizens.

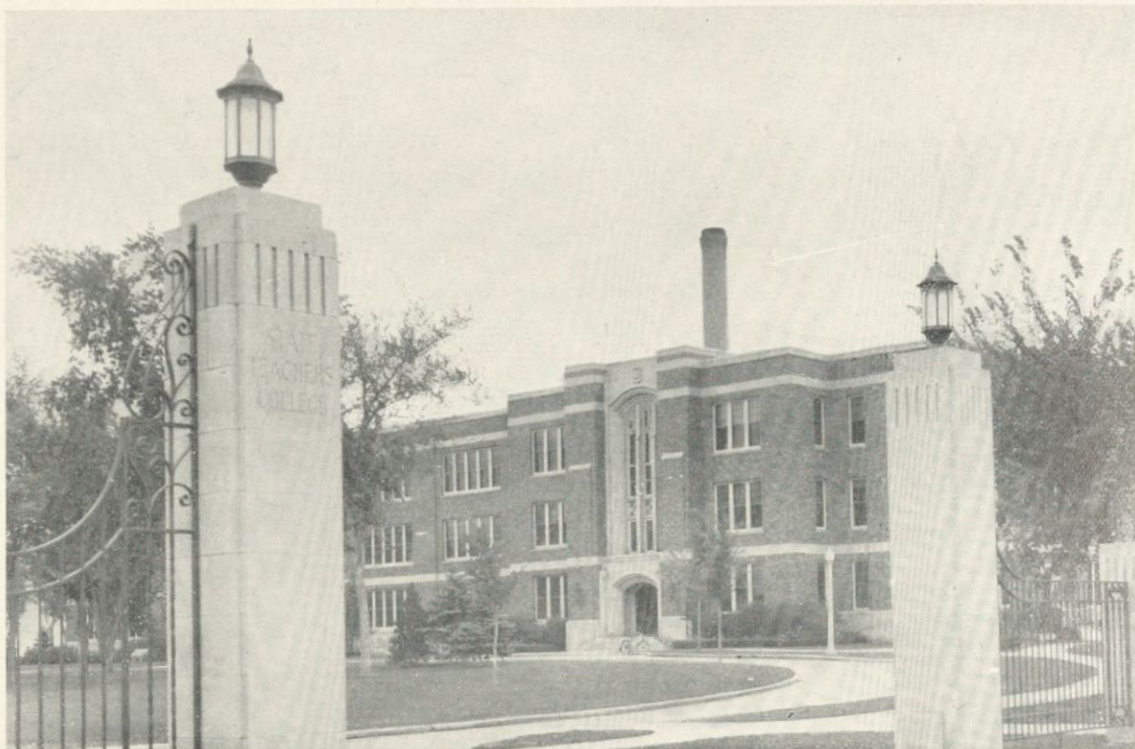
Respectfully yours,

MALVA D. SAMUEL

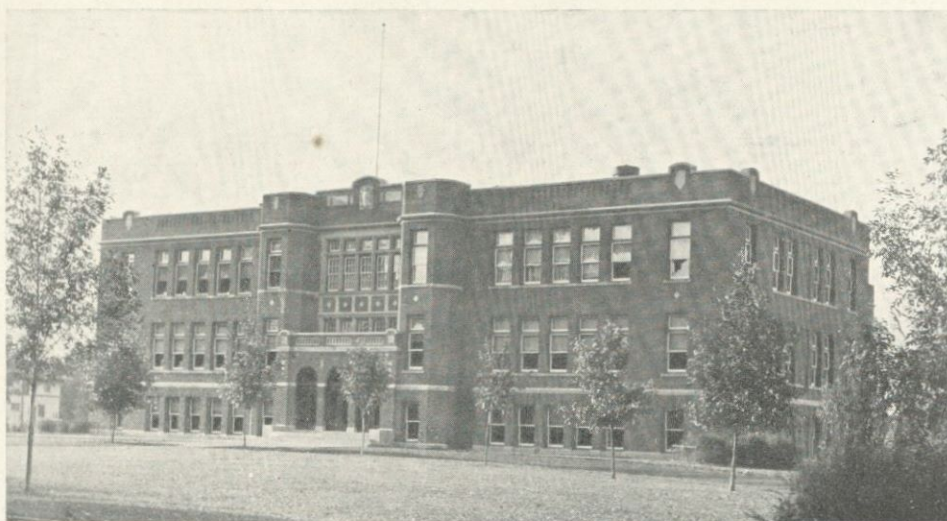
A/S Captain

Squadron Commndr.



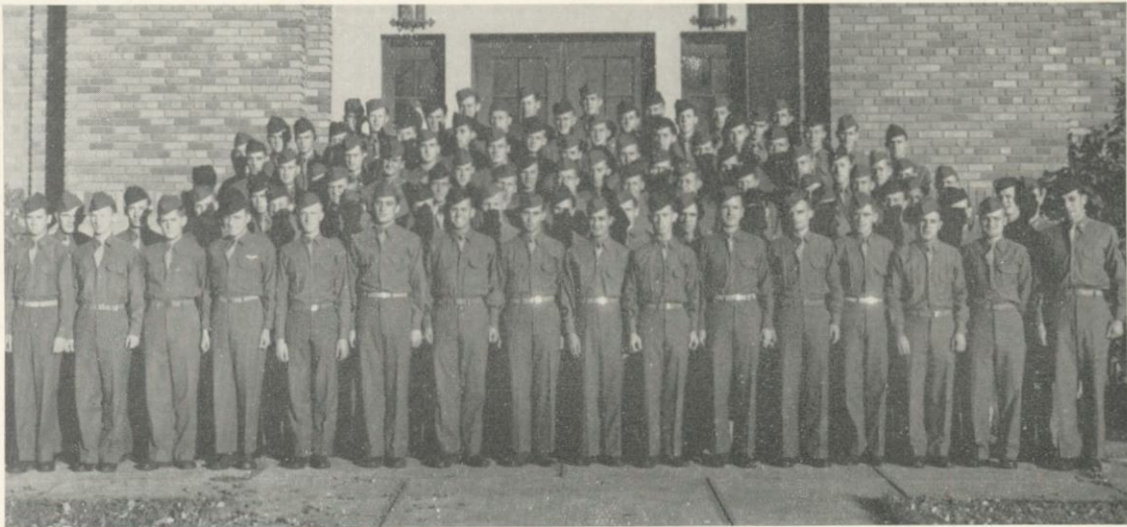


*MacLean Hall from Main Entrance*



*Weld Hall*

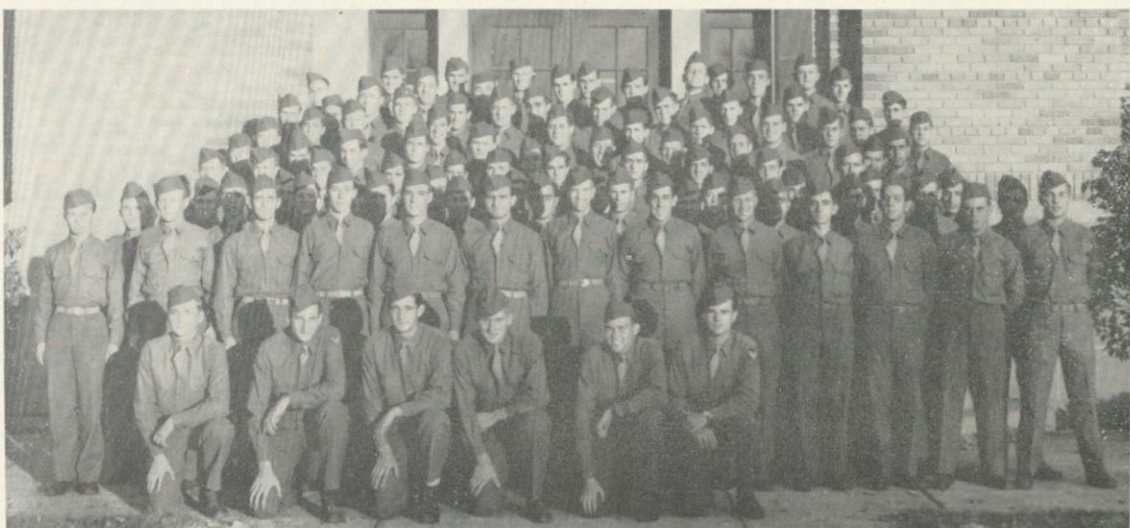




*Squadron 10*



*Squadron 11*



*Squadron 12*



## **Our Life at the 346th**

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Due to the world catastrophe which has encircled the globe today, many of our young men are finding themselves unable to obtain a complete education. Many have been drafted before they have completed high school, others are effected in much the same way in colleges. It was with this in mind that the numerous college training detachments throughout the United States originated.

Squadron Nine upon their arrival from Miami Beach, after becoming acquainted with the 346th College Training Detachment, found things much to their liking and proceeded to do everything in their power to uphold this name that the detachment had made for itself in the community and elsewhere. The commissioned as well as student officers were more than sincere in their undertakings and with all this to our credit, we began our academic work here. At first we were all eager to get back to school again. For many who had not had a complete background and for others who had been out of school for quite sometime the going became quite difficult. Streamlined courses were given in physics, mathematics, military geography, English and history. However every fellow here at school knew that all he would get out of his stay here was what he put into it; no one else would benefit by his passing or failing.

Next on the program came physical training, better known as the "kill or improve class." It was here that the numerous sore spots and weak points were found and remodeled. However those of us who did weather it soon came to look forward to our hour of suffering, especially to some of the nightmarish exercise that was waiting for us. The day isn't over yet. We still have one drill period and this is as important as one's studies. Three afternoons a week, an impressive review is held and this more or less terminates the day.

The Aviation Students here at this detachment are very fortunate, in that, it is possible for them to obtain 10 hours of dual flying at the nearby airport, the facilities of which are very well suited for this type of instruction.

As our time here grows short we, of Squadron Nine, wish to extend our thanks to one and all who have been helpful in getting us over the first hurdle on the journey to our goal.



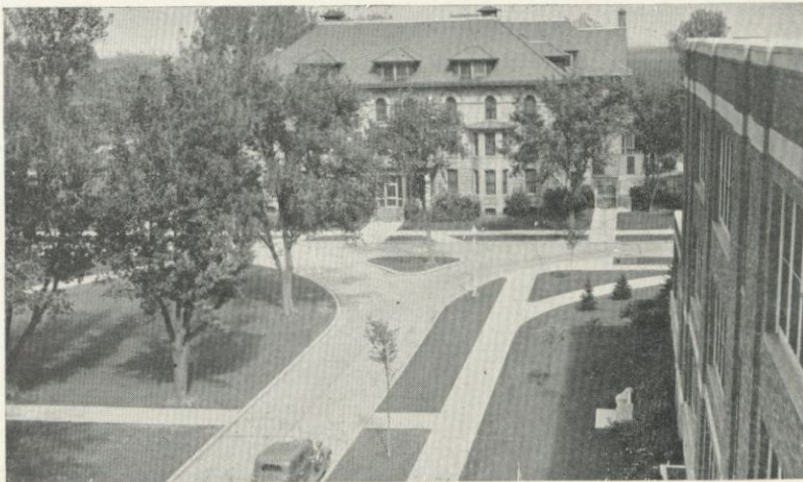
## The Barracks

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*Comstock Hall*

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*Wheeler Hall*





*Mr. McGarrity*

DEDICATED:

To the favorite teacher  
Of the best Flight  
Of the best Squadron  
Of the best Detachment  
Of the best Air Force  
In the world.

Oh, Thirty-five's the best flight old "M.S" has ever seen,  
Thanks to many here who've helped us, who have kept us on the beam  
And among those who have helped us, who have formed our destiny,  
E're we'd scarcely reached our seats in math, instruction had begun,

E're we'd scarcely reached our seats in math, instruction had begun  
And though some had slept in study class, 'twas not so in this one,  
For he'd take the worst of problems and make it plain to see,  
And we learned — what's more we liked it — from The Great McGarrity.

As he made our math sound easy, rapt attention reigned supreme  
A dropping pin would raise a din as loud as though a scream  
Had echoed through some noisier class to annoy us — thus you see,  
No sound was heard, save enlightening word from The Great McGarrity.

As he talked we all leaned forward so we wouldn't miss a word  
And if, perchance, some foolish one would whisper — and we heard,  
He'd soon regret his rash mistake, for his classmates had him see  
That ne'er a word should e'er disturb The Great McGarrity.

And not only in the classroom did this gentleman excel,  
He was one of the instructors of our Kaydet band as well  
He even came to our parades, our marching form to see  
He's the extrovert personified, This Great McGarrity.

When our Kaydet days are over and our fighting days have come  
His influence will fly with us to sink the rising sun  
And as we're zooming o'er Japan, 'twill be a point to see  
That there's one salvo in Tokio for The Great McGarrity.



## Flight 35 Rugged Individuals

The pale sky glowed from the dawn, as the rolling, groaning, iron steed forced on by the fire in its steel belly, and the rotation of its eccentric drive wheel, slid past, along hamlet and town, and guided its way along the endless road of parallel steel rails, that curved and straightened through fields of grain, and seemed to converge into the very sky. However, like an old race horse who had seen better years, and was about to cash in his chips, the relic of a train came to a screeching, wheezing, puffing stop, and with a last triumphant blast of smoke and cinders, announced to Moorhead that Squadron 9 had arrived.

From the very first week, Flight 35 stepped out in front and led the class. Of course this wasn't unusual, as all of the men had 6 to 20 months service, and were already well indoctrinated with military discipline and exemplary behavior. The 346th C.T.D. was the first step in their realization of becoming Army Pilots. Therefore with an indomitable will to learn, and a scrupulous attitude towards honor and duty, they proceeded to their tasks, academically and militarily with such precision and vigor, that before a month had flown, Flight 35 was known as the "Best Flight in the Detachment."

Our future hot pilots were quite the crew. Each had his own ideals of what life should be like at the detachment, and although quite a lot of steam was blown off in discussion, they seldom stepped out of the traces.

During this period, Mr. Vern Popp became Squadron Commander, and Mr. Arnold Perkins, better known at "The Iron Glove," became our Flight Lieutenant. Under the artful tutoring of Tactical Officers Peterson & MacQuestion, Fl. Lt. Perkins emerged as the ideal Cadet Officer.

Flight 35 really hit the ball. While false dawn still held the sky, the lights of the gymnasium flashed on, and the rasping voice of our Sqdrn. Comdr. better known as "Down on the Farm Popp," roared across the spacious room and ordered "Get Up." Amid protest, and groans, the Cadets bid their dream girls a hasty farewell, procrastinated their ten day furlough until another nap, and rolled out of bed, into a pair of shoes, pulled on their shirts and pants, and dashed frantically down stairs, before the command "fall in" would ring out, and they would be caught literally "with their pants down."

Hut, 2, 3, 4 and off to formation ten minutes ahead of time. So it was. Soon the other flights began to notice us — naturally very distastefully. However 35 refused to provoke, and out they marched with their lil' wooden rifles in perfect dress, and left foot in the right place.

Then came the weeks "that try men's souls." First was the battle of bite and blood. It became a toss up, whether to give a quart of blood to the Red Cross, or save it for the Minnesota Mosquitoes. Really, it got so bad that the fellows didn't dare sleep with their dog tags on, for fear that a pair of bold Mosquitoes would swoop down — and they did — for a three point landing on the victim. Then carefully turning over his dog tags and noting his blood type, they'd proceed to give him an injection.

Secondly came the battle between Morpheus and instruction. For the first week, the Squadron Commander kept the class awake by force, and the second week the class reciprocated, and kept the Sqdrn. Comdr. and the Flight Lt. awake. The third week the fear of gigs kept everybody awake and right on the proverbial ball.

Thirdly and last, came the conversion from leniency to a policy of strict Cadet Discipline. No longer were petty offenses tolerated. We were told that we would drill like West Pointers, and they meant it. We were told that our rules would follow O.C.S., and they did. We were told that we would be the Sharpest Outfit in the Air Force, and we are. Yes, it was a change that occurred almost overnight and those of us who were unfortunate in doing an absent minded thing, were soon put upon the straight and narrow path — The road running parallel with Comstock and Weld Halls, foot by foot a 170 lb. Cadet expends 20,186,000 ft/lbs of Kinetic Energy within a short 21 Mile stroll — 6 Tours) Verified by the Asso. Ed.

All in all, Flight 35 leaves M.S.T.C. with a feeling of sincere gratitude towards Dr. Schwendeman, Mr. McGarrity, Mr. Brekke, Mrs. Mundjheld, Mr. Heaton and our beloved 4 Mile Specialists. We leave with regret the populace of Moorhead and Fargo, especially the young ladies who have demonstrated such eager hospitality. The detachment leaves a clean, honorable record of having been the best flight, to serve under Captain Bazata and his Staff.

Many flights will enter these portals of learning, and many will depart, but Flight 35 will be remembered as the ideal soldiers who really gave Squadron 9 the distinction of being called "A Great Squadron."



## Flight 36

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Dear Mom:

Here is the letter I have long promised to write you. It is really a special letter dealing with extraordinary subject matter. I have at last found time to expose to you the most unusual, sincere, normally intelligent, wisecracking concentration of guys that the AAF could possibly produce. You remember when I first arrived here on August 7th, I told you about the math test they handed us before we could get our lungs full of Minnesota air. Well! Then and there was the nuclei of my flight, Flight 36.

It took a while for the fellows to become acquainted, and then, as it always happens, they begin to split up into twos, threes, and fours — each combination enjoying the matched personality of his buddies. Pat, Osborn, and Oliver soon became an inseparable three, Pete, Meeks, and Powell made a similar trio. Then there are the two Powell boys who are always getting their girls mixed up.

Then those days on the campus which begin at 0630 with sleepy eyed Rizel being the first man from 'ole 36 to greet the dawn. After being thoroughly awakened by the brisk Minnesota mornings we return to eat a quick snappy breakfast at which time, or at any time in fact, you can hear the big Russian we call Pubby talking to some civilized food consumer "let's eat this food as that's what we are here for, why sit there and look at it" I'm telling you Mom, that guy really inhales his meals. After a speedy clean up of rooms our academic day begins with a First Aid class where the big farmer from Minnesota, named Plunkett, gives his demonstration of his bone-crushing "back-to-life" procedure, and we all get a big laugh when we watch John "Peaches Ridley undertake to bandage a "patient" and finishes only to discover that he has tied himself up by mistake. There are those five married men in our flight who are really tied up and they are Albert, the veteran Daddy of the lot, Mac, who recently became advisor to a fine eight pound baby girl, and Mark is hopeful. O. W. Rupert and Ivan "IR" Riggle complete our roster of married gentlemen. Rupe is a quiet observant fellow and knows a lot more than he ever says. Tall, Handsome Riggle seldom has anything to say and he could make Dad's poker face take on the proportions of Joe E. Brown's.

Physical "Straining" is next on the schedule. Here we shine, always making the most of the cross-country trips, speed and foot ball massacres, and swim follies. On our weekly four-miler the other day, I was jogging beside a pleasant Texas kid named Garland Moore and ignoring Osborne's bitter wail to step up the cadance and little George Robert's plea to slow it down, I heard Moore remark, "I don't know how much about this."

From P.T. we go to noon day mess and really enjoy a home cooked meal, then to spoil it, as we read the daily bulletin board we find all those gigs. The afternoon is spent engaged in the academic subjects of Math, Physics, History, English, and Military Geography. You would indeed marvel at the remarkable change that overcomes us in our realization of a serious purpose in the classroom.

Flying, the ultimate phase of our training, proved to be as exciting as it was effective. It was here that former glider pilot Earl "Hap" Poovey and Aerial Gunner John "Younkers" Renz made outstanding marks.

Of course, I couldn't finish this epistle without mentioning our capable and likable Flight Lieutenant, Irving Meeks. He really holds the true respect and warm friendship of us all.

And so, 22 strong, we turn toward the West Coast, simbolizing the accomplishment of the first step on our road to becoming "Sky Sentinels." The genuine companionship and lasting brotherhood I have contacted and enjoyed from the fellows of Thirty-Six shall forever remain an integral part of my life.

All my love,

YOUR DEVOTED SON



## They Who Serve

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Squadron 9 wishes to acknowledge the efforts of the permanent party and the Medics and last but not least the Ladies of the Mess Hall, who made our stay at the 346th a very memorable one.

First we remember the Medics as soothers of the sick and injured, and friend of the 4 Mile Allurgic. Heading this dept. is a young very attractive angel of mercy — Mrs. Mary Behrend. (Nursie, nursie, I grow worsie every day) The able well mannered staff, is headed by Sgt. Howard Federson — keeper of the M.E.'s, Cpl. Willard W. Garner — a regular guy, and Pvt. George Kinney.

Next in our happy memories, come the Ladies of the Mess Hall, whose charm is exceeded only by their succulent cuisine. Heading this department is Mrs. Lucille Johnson and Miss Millie Dahl. To mention the battery of cooks and helpers would take a book, therefore we will introduce you to the girls you saw every day and never talked to. Miss Doris Olson, Miss Luella Ullness, Miss Tina Aaberg, Miss Hilda Omberg, Miss Marian Stein, Miss Clara Knutsen, Miss Gloria Gronski, Miss Ellen Olson, Miss Adeline Tyler, Miss Hazel Lathrop, and Mrs. Fiskum. To those not mentioned we give silent thanks for meritious service.

Following the Mess Hall in happy memories, we have Cpl. Eugene Swyden, our mail man. The fellow who delivers those black market Sugar Notes). Then comes Sgt. James Liles, the boy who makes the eagle cry once every 30 days. Of course we can't forget Sgt. Leslie Weinstein our supply genius.

Etched in a special part of our memories for extra meritious, over zealous O.G.P.U. service, are Sgt. Orlenko — Tactical Dept., Sgt. Alexander Strand our super fine comb inspector, and lastly, Cpl. Christopher Vurnackes better known as "The Little General." To this last group, we owe the pleasant afternoon strolls at 128 cadence on "Memory Lane."

*With toughened feet, and stout hearts, we bid you all farewell . . .*

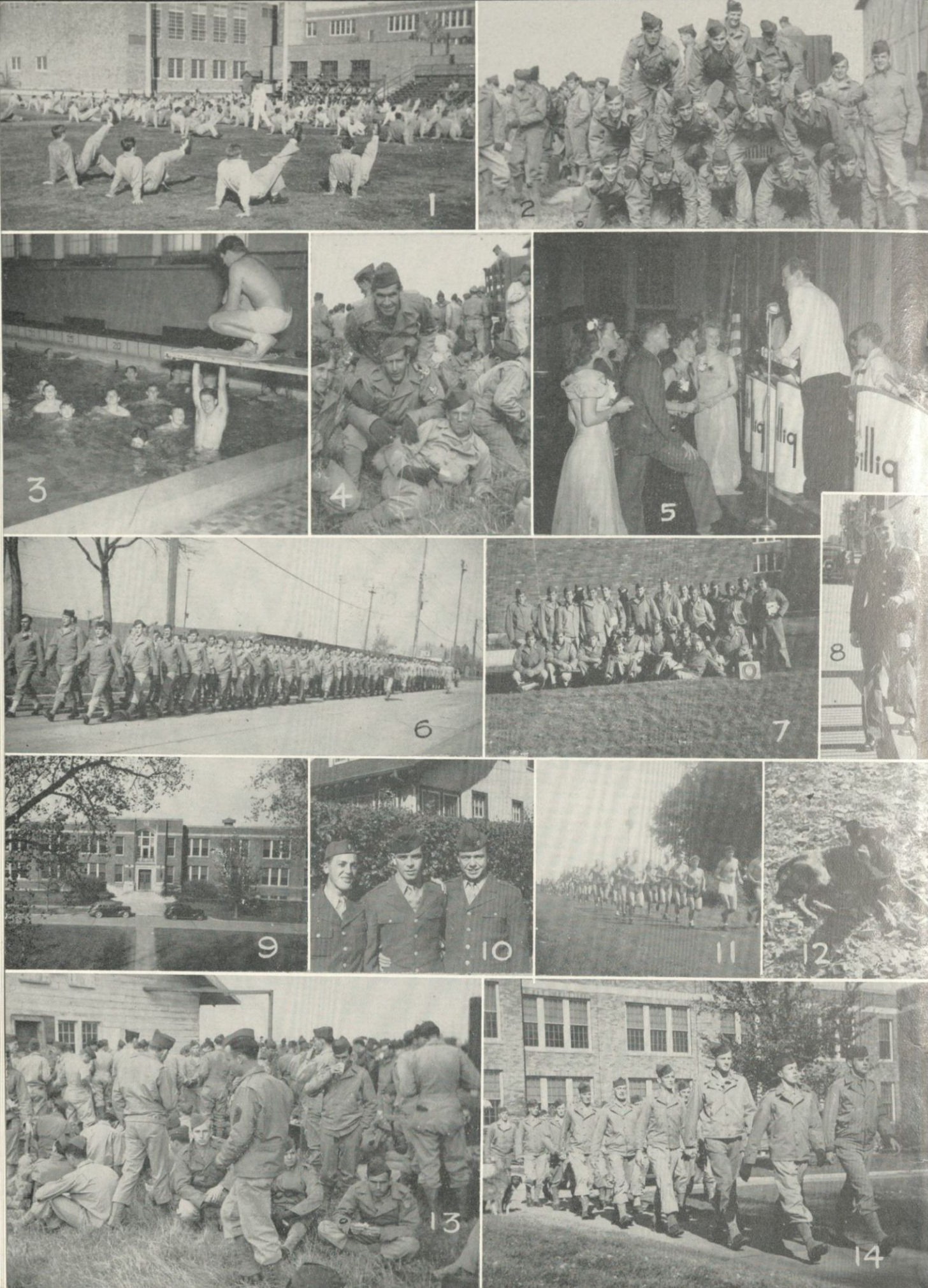
## An Aviator's Prayer

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Valiant Saint Michael, be my guide  
As through the clouds I swiftly glide.  
My Silver wings keep firm and strong;  
Make sure my motor's droning song.  
You who hurled Satan far below,  
Aid me to vanquish each winged foe.  
Keep through the star-lit paths of night  
Smooth as an angel's flight.  
Perils of air, of sea, of land,  
Help me, Saint Michael, to withstand.  
Grant me a safe, swift flight, and then  
A happy landing home.

Amen





1. "Ballet"
2. "The Boys from 38"
3. The old swimming hole"
4. At ease
5. "We'll play that number next"
6. Just 10 more miles to go
7. The boys from '37
8. Just deciding
9. Campus school. What, no tour walkers?
10. Three fugitives from a dance band.
11. Double time, march!
12. "Hoiman" our mascot
13. "We eat"
14. "Eager"

## The Cadet Ball

The Cadet Ball sponsored by the 346th C.T.D. was held at the Elks Ballroom at 2100 o'clock, October 5th, 1943.

The main street outside the entrance, was jammed with taxicabs, unloading their cargo of lovely women and well groomed Cadets.

The average Cadet wore russet type blucher oxfords, with laces, straps, or monk style. Their socks were regulation knit, olive or deep tan color, issued by the U.S. Quartermaster Dept. Trousers were a dressy olive drab tailed with simple lines, and having the new cuffless victory finish. Some of the pre-war models had pocket flaps, and were wool elastique, while the newer models had open pockets and a hard wool finish.

Instead of the traditional vest and tails, they wore a light tropical sun tan tropical shirt, with a seven button front, and a Van Husen Army Styled collar. This was topped off by a pastel shade cravat of coffee khaki, with single knot and a full crest. The formal tails was off set by the officious looking army blouse, tailored exclusively by Philadelphia QM. Depot. The newer models having the winged back, with full skirted bottom and business suit front drape, off setted with 5 solid shiny brass buttons down the front, and 2 breast pockets, and two huge skirt pockets with brass buttons.

Topping this formal attire was the individual hairdo of the Cadets. Some had waves of one and two inches, others wore the conventional three quarter length with a simple part on either side, and others copied Mr. Poop's buzz saw special. The Cadets with their clean shaven faces and polished shoes, made a handsome appearance.

The Girls — wore the usual evening gowns, conventional hair do, well made up with cosmetics, and radiated with gorgeous corsages, from gardenia and the pale dawn of red roses, to the fragile purple orchid.



## **It's Flight Thirty-Seven**

---

For nearly a year, old father time has looked upon the grounds of old Moorhead State and has seen potential army aviators, navigators, and bombardiers, who were in the sharpest College Training Detachment in the United States, marching to and fro across the campus. He has seen good flights and bad flights, in fact he thought he had seen all types of flights, but all these ideas were dashed to the ground on the creation of Flight 37 on that memorable day of August 7, 1943. They were not good and they were not bad, they were not intellectual and they were not stupid, just what they were we will let you see.

There were those first few days of orientation where we were made acquainted with the rules and correct procedure of this detachment. Then started our academic schedule, physical training, military drill, and in our last stage of the program what we all liked the best, our first flight training. Under the capable guidance of our esteemed Flight Lieutenant, Mr. Williams, and with the assistance of his capable Flight Sergeant Mr. Motley, we have come through the all too short thirteen weeks at dear 346th C.T.D. There are those memorable days spent in English classes where we listened and profited by those most diversified talks that only the gentlemen in Flight Thirty-Seven are capable of giving. Then those periods of physic where we wonder how we ever existed before we took that invigorating subject. It really was an eye opener every day except Sunday and then we couldn't sleep for worrying just where to put what formula at what particular place in those seemingly simple problems. What we liked best of all was the math that seemed so hard to grasp, until we were told all that it took was a little ingenuity and memorizing a few simple operations. Then came those awakening history classes where we got our background to understand the present day world conflict and a brief stretching break in between. Then there were those days in military geography where we have learned the fundamentals and are matriculating as experienced meteorologists and cartographers. Where we really strutted were on those beloved cross countrys we looked eagerly forward to each week during one of our P.T. periods. Last, but not least were those last two weeks we spent flying among the clouds and atmosphere learning those basic things which are so applicable to our future training as Cadets.

On the other side of the ledger were the good times we had in Moorhead and Fargo. Here we found a virtual paradise every weekend so you can imagine why we looked forward to those Open Post privileges on Wednesday evenings and over the weekend. We will carry with us many wonderful and pleasant memories and we know we will leave many behind. We recall that first Saturday we had Open Post and all the amazing things we accomplished that particular evening, how the various experiences were related among us till way after lights out. Then were those weekly meetings of 37's Sewing Circle in the Aquarium Bar where we really did some fancy knitting. There was the Cadet Ball we thought was very fine, the nice Sundays we spent enjoying the hospitality of the friendly families in this sector, particularly those who had the beautiful femmes as hostesses. Nor will we ever forget that farewell party and all the fun we had.

So as we leave to achieve greater things in our career we hope you see why old Father Time thought he had seen all until he saw Flight Thirty-Seven.



## **“Here Comes The Boys From 38”**

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“Here come the boys from 38!” Yes here they come and in our eyes we’re the best in Squadron Nine. First in drill, first in song and last in the chow line. From Flight Lieutenant Martin down to the last lowly private in the ranks we’re the best. Right from the start our flight was very fortunate in that it had, to offset its “Gig happy” flight lieutenant, a Mr. Polas. This quaint character, in the darkest moments of distress, could and would pull a corny joke out of the hat, saving the day even if it meant a gig. The sacrifices some people will make for a laugh. Mr. Polas, by the way can be seen walking around every weekend in front of the campus school — some day he’ll learn. Another very entertaining character is our navigator extraordinary, Mr. “Eager” Seeger, whose famous remark is, and I quote, “you can’t have hair and brains too,” unquote. He’s very proud of the hundred he pulled in math. What can you expect from a Wisconsin dairy farmer. We also have the more serious type fellow in our flight, Mister Nader, is a very good example of this. He’s a very honorable, ambitious soldier, but of course we have different names for it. We think however that when he gets a few more months service he’ll change. Keep up the good work, Junior. Oh yes, Mr. Nader is also quite the man with the red headed blondes. Now for the brightest star academically in our flight. I believe that Mr. Mullins will fill this spot perfectly. I predict that at the finish of the war and our work, Mr. Mullins will undoubtedly fill the shoes of the master minds on “Information Please.” This is a blessing to the sponsor as they’ll only need Mr. Mullins. No one else would have a chance. Before leaving this subject, I’d like to mention or put in a plug for Mister Martin, that “gig happy” soul I mentioned before. Although we have caused him considerable trouble and worry we want everyone to know that he’s been like a daddy to us all and we really appreciate it. We took a vote on predicting Mister Martin’s future and for some reason most of the ballots had a J.B. on them; must be some fellow’s initials or something.

Flight 38, upon their arrival here at the home of the “Sharpest Outfit in the Air Corps,” was at first placed in Squadron Nine, Class X then progressed through classes A, B, C, D, and soon E. It must have been very confusing to the folks back home. Numerous letters were received by the fellows from folks back home asking why they had been put in a lower Squadron. Naturally they didn’t know that the Army works just opposite to any other concern. Our flight, the now famous 38, consisted of twenty-five men, a few of whom we mentioned. As in other flights in our Squadron, there are various branches of the army represented. Infantry, Armored Forces, Ordnance, Air Corps, Paratroops and so on. Even the lowly medic has found peace here, bless them. Length of service can be covered by saying that nine months is the shortest period any of the men have been in and it runs up to three and a half years.

Upon turning in the gates of Moorhead State Teachers College we were struck by the apparent freshness of the small but neat campus and buildings. We immediately noticed numerous groups of beautiful women. None of us having talked to a woman in ten or fifteen days, we thought this was going to be rather nice. However, the law was soon laid down to us and much to our dismay we found we were not even supposed to look much less talk to the young ladies attending the college. Finally after a weeks medical restriction those of us who survived the week “gigless” were able to enjoy the open post privileges, so off we straggled to town. Many of our Saturday nights were spent most enjoyable at the Bison, Aquarium, Gardner and numerous other hangouts. The one thing however that stood out in sharp contrast to other places we’d been, was the friendly attitude of the people. We really felt at ease and welcome. Now, as always, the time is coming that all good things must come to an end and, as we move up another rung of the ladder to success, we sincerely hope that “the boys from 38” will leave behind as many pleasant memories as we have to take with us.





## Flight 35

FRANK R. MANKOWSKI  
1644 W. Garfield Blvd.  
Chicago, Illinois.  
*Smooth as four roses*

RUDOLPH A. MARCELLETTI  
Paw Paw, Michigan  
*P.B.Y. Tall, Dark and Handsome*



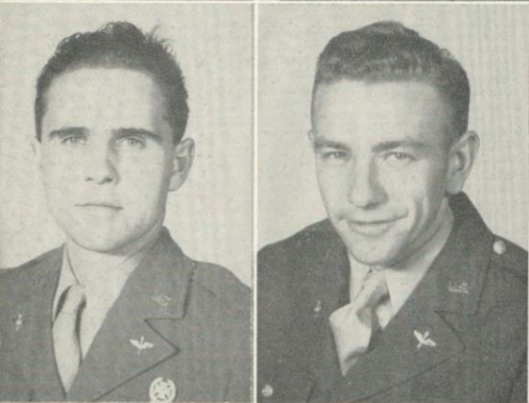
NATHAN J. MASON  
179 S. Grant Street  
Wilkes-Barre, Penn.  
*Smiling Nat — "I don't provoke"*

JOHN M. MERAVIGLIA  
779 Lincoln Ave.,  
Burlington, New Jersey  
*From the tool box to a Bugle*



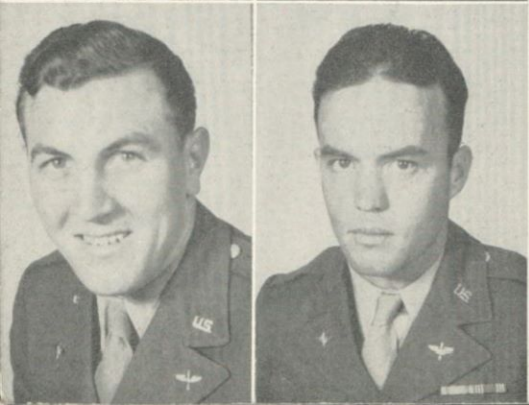
CHARLES A. MILLS  
342 Cambridge Ave.  
Elyria, Ohio  
*"Sold to American" Pantomimist*

GEORGE J. NEWBERGER  
R.F.D. No. 1  
Ravenna, Ohio  
*Dutch the Shutterbug*



MERLE OLSON  
2525 Guilford Road  
Rockford, Illinois  
*"Sir, two men can hold up a table"*

FRANK D. ORAVEC  
1195 Girard Street  
Akron, Ohio  
*Happy go lucky*



FRANK R. OSWALD  
2573 Wentworth Ave.  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
*"Hey Rekrök — Smarken up"*

ARNOLD A. PERKINS  
Fields, Louisiana  
*"The Iron Glove"*



ALFRED R. PETRUCCI  
Miami, Florida  
*Writer — Tourist — and Guardhouse Lawyer*

RAYMOND J. PICARD  
1140 Plymouth Ave.  
Fall River, Mass.  
*"He don't know much about the game"*

CHARLES J. PIECEK  
R.F.D. No. 1, Box 189  
Petersburg, Virginia  
*A Squaresooter of a Rebel*

VERNE D. POPP  
119 Military Ave.  
Dodge City, Kansas  
*"Down on the Farm"*

GEORGE A. POWELL  
440 Jefferson Street  
Pittsburg, Texas  
*"I'm afixing to gig him"*

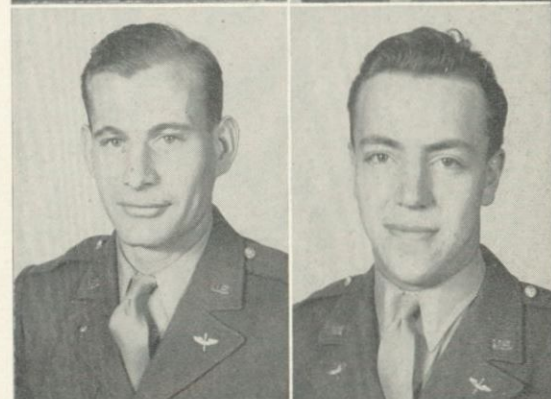
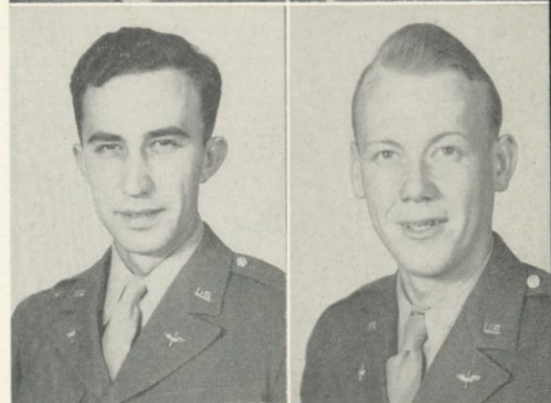
RICHARD PROHL  
3447 N. 8th Street  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
*Honorary Engineer Club No. 28*

NELSON L. QUILLEN  
Bishop Maryland  
*Reserved — at times*

SAMUEL J. RIDULPH  
901 N. 13th Street  
DeKalb, Illinois  
*The All American Boy*

CLARENCE F. ROGERS  
89 Ferguson Street  
Newark, New Jersey  
*"Someday I'll get me a Tank, a Tank"*

RALPH W. SAUBER  
Shakopee, Minnesota  
*The Iron Horse — "That's for sure"*







VINCENT J. SCANIO  
Melrose Park, Illinois  
*Pigskin Enthusiast*

GEORGE D. SCHUCKERT  
113 Chestnut Street  
Woodbury, New Jersey  
*"Nursie, I grow worsie every dav"*



JOSEPH O. SEGAL  
1750 S. 24th Street  
Philadelphia, Penn.  
*The Rhythm King*

HUGH A. YOUNG  
Lowell, Michigan  
*Future Hot Pilot*

WILLIAM H. PARRY (No picture)  
R.F.D. No. 1  
Moscow, Pennsylvania  
*The modest little genius in physics. A darn good second Harry James, and really a good egg.*

## Flight 36



A/S CLIFFORD H. MARKASON  
Long Prairie, Minn.  
*"Republican Farmer"*

A/S JAMES McNEILLY  
13988 Appoline  
Detroit, Mich.  
*"Silent but Potent"*



IRVING E. MEEKS  
Greenville, N. C.  
*"The Boss"*

ANTHONY P. MENDITTO  
3 Bedford St.  
New Britain, Conn.  
*"Safecracker from Conn."*



M. M. MITCHELL  
2804 Jennings Ave.  
Ft. Worth, Texas  
*"Oratorical Elegance"*

GARLAND D. MOORE  
Route One  
Hubbard, Texas  
*"I don't know much about this"*



RAY E. OLIVER  
North Amify, Maine  
"The Electric Spark "

HARLEY G. OSBORNE  
900 South Kingsley Drive  
Los Angeles, Calif.  
"Down on the Farm"

LAWRENCE W. O'TOOLE  
Thatcher St.  
Selkirk, N. Y.  
"Cover down! O'Toole"

CHESTER L. PATTERSON  
Kansas City, Mo.  
"Let's be honorable about this  
thing, Men."

D'JAMES J. PLUNKETT  
Preemption, Ill.  
"From Archimedes to Jazz"

EARL C. POOVEY  
Granite Falls, N. C.  
"Hap"

ALBERT R. POWELL  
241 Grace Avenue  
Canonsbury, Penn.  
"Big wind OOO Small wind ooo"

HARVEY J. POWELL  
Oconto, Wisconsin  
"Aquarium Flash"

JOHN R. RENZ  
75 Glover Avenue  
Yonkers, N. Y.  
"Standing on the Corner"

JOHN W. RIDLEY  
1724 West Haven Drive S.W.  
Atlanta, Georgia  
"Where you'all come from"







IVAN I. RIGGLE  
Box 25  
Hyner, Pa.  
*"Sound off Mr. Riggle"*

ERNEST G. RIZEL  
612 North Elm Street  
West Bridgewater, Mass.  
*"Tainter's Tornado"*



GEORGE E. ROBERTS  
West Brimfield Rd.  
Palmer, Mass.  
*"Little but loud"*

OLIVER W. RUPERT  
412 High Street  
Derry, Pa.  
*"Intelligence to Spare"*



JOSEPH J. WISHBA  
15735 Vinnence Street  
Harvey, Ill.  
*"Speed Boy"*

ALEXANDER POBUDINSKY (No picture)  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
*"Go overseas for medals"*

## Flight 37

WILLIAM M. MARSHALL  
Shelton and Mt. Carmel, Conn.  
*"His epigrams kept us happy, 'Okay Now'."*



MORRIS B. MAY  
Burnett, Texas  
*"The red headed radioman"*

JOHN McCANN, Jr.  
28 Barber Ave.  
Central Falls, R. I.  
*"The Fargo playboy"*



WILLIAM R. MEALY  
7 N. Monroe St.  
Mason City, Iowa  
*"The Iowan with the intellectual expressions"*

WILLIAM A. MEYER  
184 Third Ave.  
Hawthorne, N. J.  
*"The Hoboken gentleman"*



CARTER P. MORELL

Lenoir City, Tenn.

*"The Master Sarge liked by all"*

ROBERT J. MOTLEY

1476 E. Ninth St.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

*"The Irish man from Brooklyn with  
manners becoming a yankee  
gentleman"*

ROGER E. MYERS

258 Davis Road

Mansfield, Ohio

*"The scholar from old Ohio"*

ROLAND E. NAIRN, Jr.

6016 39th Avenue

Hyattsville, Maryland

*"Never a dull moment"*

HENRY P. NASTICK

Lucerne Mines, Pa.

*"The quiet spoken orator from Pa."*

BURTON P. NEEDELL

101 Central Park West

New York City

*"Cross country specialist"*

JETER S. OAKLEY

1221 Washington St.

Greenville, N. C.

*"A typical Southern Gentleman"*

HYMAN PAUL

3922 Garrison Ave.

Baltimore, Md.

*"The moral builder 'Ha! Ha!'"*

ELDON J. PERRY

320 West State St.

Savannah, Georgia

*"The man who came to dinner"*

LEONARD PAWSKI

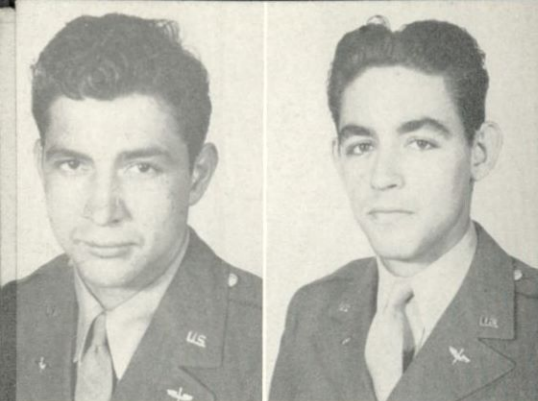
7042 South Maplewood Ave.

Chicago, Illinois

*"Reserved, with dignity becoming a  
Chicagoan"*







HERBERT PFAFF

141 S. 80th St.  
Milwaukee, Wis.

*"A seasoned soldier in only one season"*

KEITH A. PIEPER

435 E. Washington Ave.  
Council Bluffs, Iowa

*"'37's Clarke Gable"*



LEONARD J. PLESSEL

Pine City, Minnesota

*"The rugged individual"*

MICHAEL POTOMA

2909 Gas St.  
McKeesport, Pa.

*"Staying on the beam is my hobby"*



ARNOLD E. PRIEST

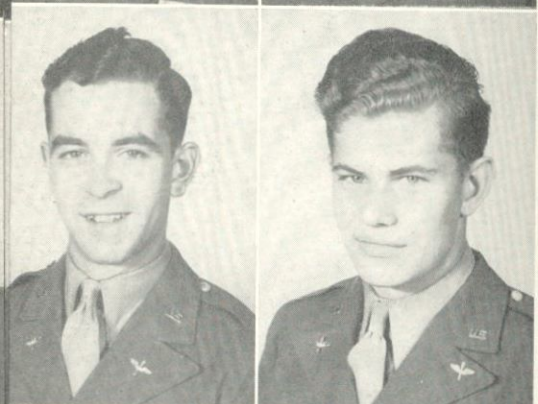
10 Grove Street  
Adams, N. Y.

*"Always a welcome and interesting gentleman to have in your midst"*

ROBERT W. PRINGLE

Adams St.  
Rock Rapids, Iowa

*"How late is open post to-nite?"*



ROBERT J. REED

Hancock, N. Y.

*"Popular and active—to know him is to like him"*

RAYMOND H. REICHLING

1656 South 15th St.  
Milwaukee, Wis.

*"As quiet as the Aquarium Bar on Sunday Night"*



MALVA D. SAMEUL

Rt. No. 2  
Madill, Oklahoma

*"A genial gentleman that only the Southwest can provide"*

CHARLES R. SCHAAF

1190 McClelland St.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

*"A walking field manual"*



DWIGHT L. WILLIAMS

5306 Somerset Ave.  
Detroit, Mich.

*"Our likeable and versatile Flight Lieutenant"*

## Flight 38

GEORGE D. MARTIN

516 Schiller Ave.  
Akron, Ohio

*"Our Inspiration"*

RAYMOND P. McKENNY

4721 Fourth Ave.  
Beaver Falls, Pa.

*"I love my girl but Oh you kid"*

JAMES A. MENETREY

Box 537  
Soledad, California

*"Debates, I'd better stay out of them."*

ARTHUR E. MILLER

182 East 24th Street  
New York City, N. Y.

*"Superman vs. Bat Man"*

GILBERT H. MINNIGH

304 Virginia Ave.  
Cumberland, Maryland

*"Is it bleached? No, the sun did it."*

WILLIAM M. MORTON

205 Lennox Ave.  
Bridgeport, Conn.

*"Dear Ethel"*

WALLACE G. MONROE

540 76th Street  
Oshkosh, Wis.

*"Hayseed"*

DAVID L. MULLINS

815 Ormewood Terrace, S. E.  
Atlanta, Ga.

*"You can't tell me I looked it up"*

EDWARD A. MURDOCK, Jr.

409 South Pacific  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

*"Say, have you got an extra cigarette?"*

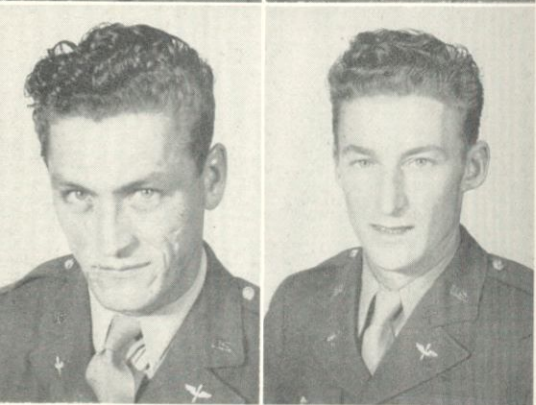






ANTHONY NADER  
23006 Lorain Road  
North Olmsted, Ohio  
*"First Sgt. One step to a Shave Tail"*

CHARLEY V. NEELY  
Route No. 2  
Roanoke, Ala.  
*"Just plain quiet."*



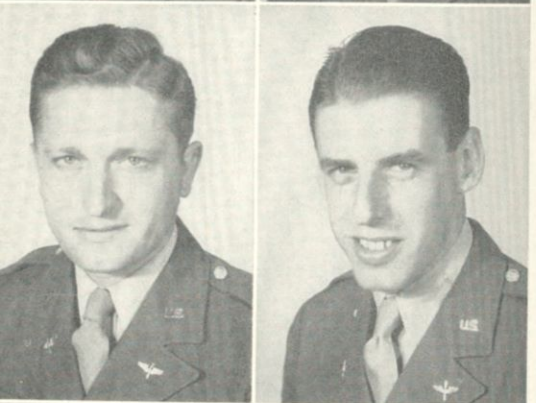
JOHN NELSON  
Route No. 1, Box 115  
Eveleth, Minn.  
*"Glamore Pants"*

GEOFFREY C. NEWTON  
2001 Cleveland Ave.  
Everett, Wash.  
*"Just wait till we start to fly."*



JOSEPH E. OWEN  
Granite Springs,  
New York  
*"Holy Joe"*

EDGAR R. PETERS  
Crete, Ill.  
*"Old rockin' chair's got me."*



JOSEPH L. PELLICONE  
1914 Howland Street  
Wilmington, Del.  
*"Everything happens to me."*

HOWARD S. POLAS  
801 E'm Street  
Camden, N. J.  
*"I was a crewchief on a B-17"*



WILLIAM E. RIDDLE  
6313 Morgan Ave. South  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
*"I've got an M.E."*

JAMES H. ROBINSON  
Route No. 1  
Swansen, South Carolina  
*"It must be jelly 'cause jam don't shake like that."*



WILLIAM JEROME ROSE

1083 East 171st Street  
Cleveland, Ohio

*"Oh you gay girls."*

BARNEY P. WICK

6733 15th Ave. N. W.  
Seattle, Wash.

*"I spent a year in the medics."*

HARLAN H. WILTROUT

Bowers, Pa.

*"Dutch"*

WILLIE W. WOMBOLD

1610 N. Normandie Ave.  
Los Angeles, California

*"California here I come."*

WARREN K. WUSTERBARTH

69 South Vine Street  
Meriden, Conn.

*"Aye Yi Yi Delores."*

FREDRIC C. SEEGER (No picture)

Route No. 4, Box 26  
Merril, Wisc.

*"Pop"*



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## Leadership

Taking a consensus of opinion of the various flights that compromise Squadron 9, unanimously, man to man, Squadron Commander Malva Samuels, is acclaimed as the model Cadet Officer.

The qualities that promulgate this train of thought are not brought about by the fear of the almighty gig, and loss of privileges. Mr. Samuels uses a combination of common sense with his interpretation of duty, courtesy with everyone, and his first concern is always for the well being of the men under him.

We — the men of Squadron 9, are proud to have him, and we state the above facts so that future Cadet Officers in new environments may realize that to be a good officer one must first be a man.



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F

LEFT TO RIGHT—Victor H. Stafford, Verne B. Popp, Samuel J. Ridulph  
Arnold A. Perkins

---

GROUP COMMANDER

ARNOLD A. PERKINS  
*A/S First Captain*

GROUP PLANS AND TRAINING OFFICER

VERNE B. POPP  
*A/S Captain*

GROUP ADJUTANT

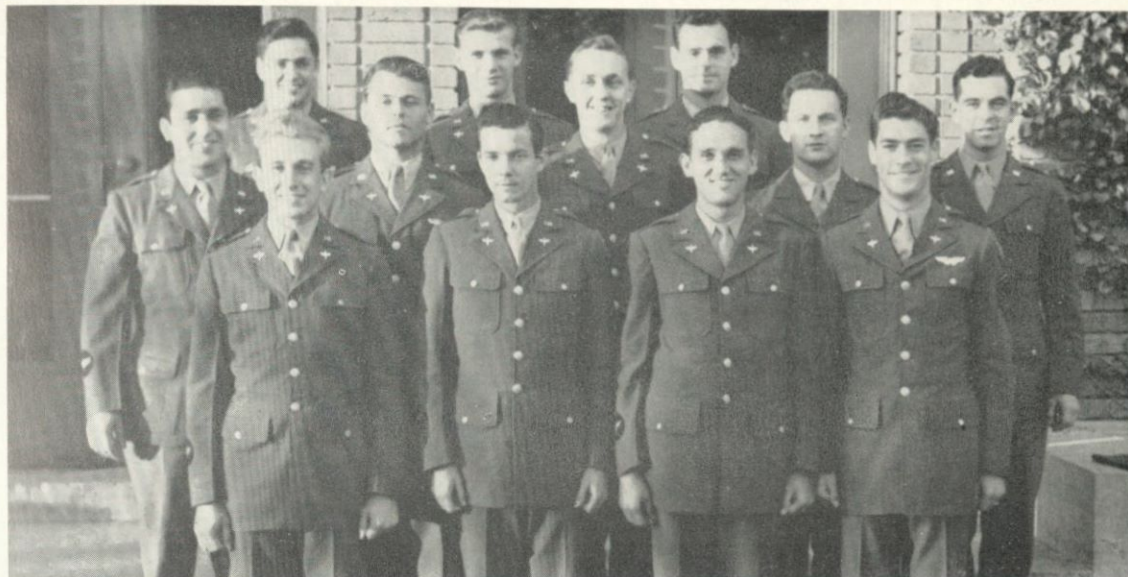
VICTOR H. STAFFORD  
*A/S Captain*

GROUP SUPPLY OFFICER

SAMUEL J. RIDULPH  
*A/S Captain*



# Guidon Staff

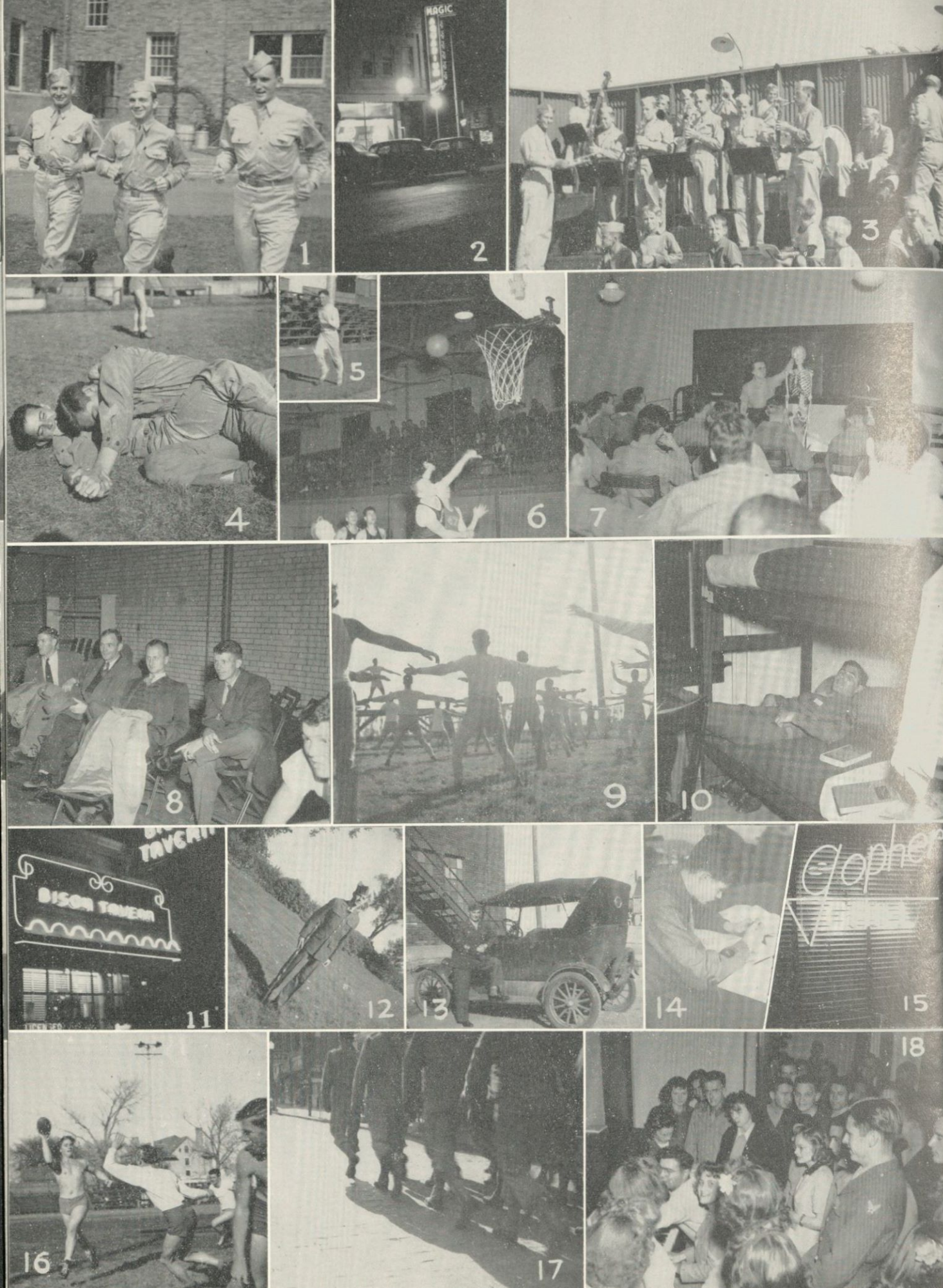


LEFT TO RIGHT, FRONT ROW — Gilbert H. Minnigh, Roland E. Nairn, Jeter S. Oakley, Malva D. Samuel  
MIDDLE ROW — Alfred R. Petrucci, Marion M. Mitchell, Frank R. Mankowski, William M. Marshall, Robert  
J. Reed. BACK ROW — George E. Roberts, George J. Newburger, and Joseph E. Owen.

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OFFICER IN CHARGE.....	R. G. Hargrave 1st Lt. Air Corps
STUDENT OFFICER IN CHARGE.....	A/S Malva D. Samuel
EDITOR IN CHIEF.....	A/S Jeter S. Oakley
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....	A/S Alfred R. Petrucci
BUSINESS MANAGER.....	A/S Roland E. Nairn
ART EDITOR.....	A/S Gilbert H. Minnigh
LAY OUT EDITOR.....	A/S Frank R. Mankowski
STAFF ASSISTANT.....	A/S Raymond P. McKenny
STAFF ASSISTANT.....	A/S William J. Rose
WRITERS .....	{ A/S Joseph E. Owen A/S George E. Roberts A/S Marion M. Mitchell
PHOTOGRAPHERS .....	{ A/S Robert J. Reed A/S George J. Newburger A/S William M. Marshall





1. The three musketeers
2. Meeting place of Squadron 9's Sewing Circle
3. "Sendin' in the groove"
4. Relaxation before Physical training class
5. Lieutenant "Mac" getting a little road work
6. Squadron 9 scores again.
7. "Now this is where the brains belong"
8. Our coaches
9. Future "Angels of Hell"
10. Study period in the barracks
11. Well known Fargo tea room
12. Must have been something he drank
13. "Taxi?"
14. "Now let me see  $x - y =$  who will I take to the dance"
15. Moorhead night spot
16. "Pass!"
17. Pounding the pavement
18. Jam session

## It Can Happen - and It Did . . .

Editors Note: The Guidon staff was unable to locate an Aviation Student, who found time to keep a diary. Fortunately, our Associate Editor came to our rescue. He had been writing letters to a lil girl back home, detailing the carefree life, as we know it at M.S.T.C. He permitted us to make use of this correspondence, and we have printed them practically in full, cutting out only matters of a personal, personal nature. These letters are printed in the hope that the reader will refresh the memory of those encouraging and inspiring words he received from the one and only back home.

August 7th 1943

My Darling:

Woe is me. After all our plans and illusions, the train, or should I call that relic from the Civil War a train, pulled into Moorhead, Minnesota. Quite a group we were. A very impressive sight I dare say — dirty, tired and worn.

The first thing we did, after we hit the school, was give us a nice refreshing math exam. We were then divided into the most intelligent, the rather intelligent, the intelligent and the almost intelligent. The sub division stopped there, as they didn't want us to feel too inferior.

Then we had "Chow" and were led to our quarters. Yep, a whole gymnasium for me — God only knows how many more. Then had a pep talk by Lt. Peterson, and am now dead to the world and ready for dreamland. Oh honey, it shouldn't happen to even cousin Oswald to be shipped up here, so far away from my lil sweetheart.

Say who is that Cousin Peter you spoke about in your last letter?

Fatigue and a beautiful moon, make me reminiscent of you.

I remain on the beam,

FUTURE H. P.

August 10th 1943

Dearest Darling Future H.P.

(Ed. Note) Due to present sugar rationing we are unable to present the first part of this letter.

. . . Gee Hon, I know you must be terribly disappointed, but stick it through as I am bucking for you, and I'll be awfully proud to pin on those Silver Wings. I guess I don't know much about the Air Force and planes, but Peter is teaching me all about them. He's not exactly my cousin. He's working in a Bomber plant, and we a'l call him cousin, because when you're with him, you feel as if you'd known him all your life. And we have so much in common, as we both want to keep flying.

Love

MYRTLE

August 20th 1943

Darling:

This is a restful place, I slept till 11:30 o'clock this morning — Greenwich Time. And there are no burdens of responsibility; they tell us when to get up, when to go to school, when to study, when to go to bed, and even when we're hungry. The food here is swell and you get all the milk you want, provided Sauber does not get to



it first. Before supper the boys take a stroll on the parade grounds — cadence 128. They'll look pretty dressy as soon as Powell finds his left foot. As I said, it's a restful place, mostly parade rest. We stand hands clasped, eyes on a point, and just our toes wiggle a little bit. Gosh my dogs are counting cadence even as I sit here; Ruff 2 3 4 Ruff 2 3 4. Perhaps you think I'm exaggerating hon — but O'Sullivan's isn't the only heel that wishes it had wings on it.

We have a system of awards here, in the nature of points. Your name is listed with the rest of the flight and everybody can see how well you are doing. Today I received 12 points. Modesty prevents my going into detail about the award.

It's now 2200, and I must take off for bed. We have two systems of time here, but I'm getting used to them. In fact I'm getting quite used to being two timed. How's Peter?

Yours

FUTURE H. P.

Dearest Future H. P.

(Ed. Note) Censored . . .

August 31 1943

. . . I'm so thrilled that you are accumulating all those points. I'll bet you must lead your squadron in points. I just know you'll be a General some day.

I don't know what you mean by being two timed. I should think you'd like for me to go out with Peter. I'm learning all about airplanes — and you do want a smart wife, don't you?

Peter says you must have 20/20 eyes, as your choosing me certainly shows, and he knows you'll make a good pilot for foreign service.

Your lil lamb

MYRTLE

Darling:

September 7th 1943

Now we're studying meteorology in our geography class. And while I'm on the subjects of cold fronts, how's every thing at home. I'd suggest that "Peter's" Air Speed be corrected for temperature.

Had open post last Saturday, from 3 P.M. to 1 A.M. Spent a quiet evening. First went to the Aquarium, and saw the fish, and watched Minnie the Mermaid crawl around the floor. After a few hours, I saw a pink horse fish. Yes the only one of it's kind. Then I went to the fortune tellers, "The Crystal," and my luck wasn't so good, I learned. However it was worth the half a dollar. From there, I went to the Waldorf to have a bite, then I met a very nice lady, who asked me to entertain her sweet lil niece. So I took the precious child out to "The Merry-Go-Round" gosh I never saw a child drink so much pop in all my life. Then back to the post and to bed.

Tomorrow I have to go on a special detail selected by the Captain to measure a section of a road running parallel with Weld Hall and our Barracks. All the boys with the most points will be my co-engineers. Modesty prevents me from further discussion.

I don't have much time to write lately, but remember, I'll be thinking of you — both of you.

Yours

FUTURE H. P.

Dear Future H. P.

(Ed. Note) Censored

September 21st.

. . . You certainly waited long enough to write, but I forgive you. However I wish you wouldn't be so sarcastic about Peter. He certainly isn't that way about you. In fact he is most anxious to see you get your wings and make a name for yourself in foreign service, for that is the branch that offers the most promotion.

Love

MYRTLE

Darling:

October 14th

I would have written sooner, but they wouldn't let me take a pencil and paper out on my engineering project. The Captain figures that the road should be measured in feet, so my colleagues and I employ the Left foot, Right foot method. To go into detail about the Kinetic Energy expended in our weekly research is immodest; therefore I'll close with love.

Yours

FUTURE H. P.

Dear Future H. P.

November 11th

I've been meaning to write you, but didn't know what to say or how to say it.

Future H. P. I'm awfully proud of you, and I just wish you every success, and I know you'll get those Silver Wings. Yes someday I hope I have a son and he'll grow up to be an Aviation Student just like you.

"Keep 'em Flying"

MRS. PETER BOMBERBUILDER.



## Farewell

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Farewell . . I leave on unknown flight  
Yellow wings dancing in columns of air  
Winging my way to the inevitable destiny  
Living, loving, without regret . . or care.

How the hot blood within my pulses coursed  
Throbbled with the thrill of being alive  
How my heart beat . . pumping . . and pounding  
Racing the wind . . in a Nine G dive  
Felt I the forces of heaven and earth  
Bounded through fields of open sky  
Invaded the realm of eagle and Condor  
Was there mightier bird . . than I?

Farewell . . if I must meet my destiny  
Cry not . . for tears are shed all in vain  
We must sacrifice all . . for Victory  
To unchain humanity . . once again . . .